

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 19, 1873.

Number 32.

A Pioneer Priest.

A paper was read some time since before the Pioneer Society of Michigan, bearing on the life and services of the late Rev. Gabriel Richard, Vicar-General of Michigan. Extending as it did over a period when the Church and country were in their infancy, struggling to obtain their present importance, the contents of the paper proved of the deepest interest both to Catholics and to all citizens. It was by Mr. Girardin, and we give a few interesting selections from the able document. In opening, he said: "The early pioneer, whether a civilian or clergymen, in a new country, should always be an object of interest, especially to the incoming generation, and in this respect I can safely say that in this part of the country the early pioneers were priests belonging to the different religious Orders of the Roman Catholic Church; they were, first, the Franciscans, next the indomitable Jesuits and the Sulpitians. The shores of New France, extending from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, were trodden first by the early missionaries of the Catholic Church. Among those, who had left memorable names were Fathers Marquette, Allouez and Dablon, among the Jesuits; and as for the Franciscans, the man who has made the most impression on the historians and others was Father Hennepin. They had visited these shores and had carried the light of the Gospel a century before the birth of Gabriel Richard, who himself belongs to an order of secular priests of St. Sulpice. He had heard of the advent of the above missionaries in the wilds of the New World, and burning with the desire to visit America, the French Revolution breaking out afforded him an opportunity to expatriate himself to America. After giving the details of his birth in France, in 1764, his education for the priesthood, and coming to this country, Father Richard is allowed to relate an account of a visit to the Island of Mackinaw, where one hundred years before the Jesuits had established a mission.

Father Richard, by his fearless advocacy of American principles and denunciation of the tyranny of England, had made himself obnoxious to the British, who in the war of 1812 violently seized and carried him a prisoner to Sandwich, near this city. During his captivity, by his eloquence and influence over the Indians he dissuaded many from torturing American prisoners who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the British under the disgraceful surrender of General Hill.

Father Richard was always zealous in the cause of education, and his first effort was jointly with Jean Dilhet, who both, in 1804, opened a school whose field of operation was the education of young men for the ministry, but this school was broken up by the fire of 1805. And in 1805,

mainly through his exertions, a young ladies' academy was started, placing at the head of it the following young ladies: Miss Elisabeth Lyons, Miss Angelique Campau, Miss Monique Labadie, and Miss Eliazbeth Williams, they having been prepared by him for their arduous task. His next effort was the introduction into the territory of the first printing press, which was brought almost all the way by hand from Baltimore, and on the 31st of August, 1809, issued the first newspaper west of the Alleghany Mountains, called "*Essay du Michigan*," or "*Impartial Observer*," and the same year published the first prayer-book, of which I have a copy. Mr. Girardin traced the career of the zealous priest through all the years of his ministry, his struggles to further the interests of the faith, his election to Congress, and his wonderful energy, down to the time of his death in 1872.

Gratitude to Parents.

Nothing can be more desirable or praiseworthy than gratitude to parents. It would appear as quite impossible for us to be ungrateful to them when we reflect on the extreme love and devotedness to their children which is shown in their every word and action. What will not a parent do for a child? Even life itself he will freely sacrifice.

There is a story afloat which I have read. It is of a base, ungrateful man who compelled his aged father to sleep in a barn. He could not bear the annoyance of his fretting and groaning—and, besides, old people are not so particular and tidy in their ways as younger people are, so the enterprising young man could not endure his slovenly old father. When cold weather came on, the old man asked for a blanket. The young man sent his little boy to get one, and when the child returned with it he found it a little too heavy he thought. Taking his knife from his pocket the father of the little boy cut the blanket in two equal parts. "There, son," said he, "take that to your grandfather. A whole blanket is too much for the old man." As the little boy took the proffered half blanket in his hand, looking in his father's face with a sad expression, he said: "Give me the other half, papa."

"What for, son?" was the interrogative reply.

"To keep you warm, father, when you are old and have to sleep in the barn as poor grandpa does now," answered the child.

The young man gratefully accepted the rebuke of his innocent child, and treated his aged father with the most scrupulous kindness from that time forth.

An ungrateful child is a despicable sight in the eyes of God, and frequently even in this life a merciful Providence inflicts the punishment due to so great a crime as that of

insulting a parent. An enraged son once dragged his gray-haired father half way down a flight of stairs. "Stop!" cried the conscience-stricken old father. "Stop! So far and not one step more did I drag my own poor old father when I was angry at him. I am punished. Do not, my dear son, contract a debt like that which by your hands I have just now paid, and for which kindness I thank you."

As a nation, our own unfortunately is not distinguished for the respect paid by children and the young to those advanced in years, but those sincerely desirous to improve will not fail to shun the appearance of ingratitude, by carefully guarding every thought, word and action from anything like insolence towards those whom we are bound to love and venerate.

M. M.

The French Republican Calendar.

The Republican calendar of the French was substituted for the ordinary calendar dating from the Christian era, by a decree of the National Convention in 1793, after the close of the Revolution; and the 22nd of September, fixed upon as the day of the foundation of the Republic, was also the date of the new calendar. In this calendar, the year, which began at midnight of the day of the autumnal equinox, was divided into twelve months, of thirty days, with five additional days for festivals, and every fourth year six. The months were divided by decades, and the days into ten hours of one hundred minutes each. The names of the months, in their order, were—

Autumn—Vendémiaire, or Vintage month, from September 22 to October 21; Brumaire, Fog month, October 22 to November 20; Frimaire, Sleet month, November 21 to December 20. Winter—Nivose, Snow month, December 21 to January 19; Pluviose, Rain month, January 20 to February 18; Ventose, Wind month, February 19 to March 20. Spring—Germinal, Sprouts month, March 21 to April 19; Floréal, Flower month, April 20 to May 19; Prairial, Pasture month, May 20 to June 18. Summer—Messidor, Harvest month, June 19 to July 18; Thermidor, Hot month, July 19 to August 17; Fructidor, Fruit month, August 18 to September 16.

All the public acts of the French nation were dated according to this system for a period of more than twelve years. It commenced from the 22nd of September, 1792, which is marked as the first year of the French Republic. It continued until the 10th Nivose, An. XIV (31st December, 1805), when Napoleon restored the Gregorian Calendar. Few things marked more strongly the mingled folly and impiety of the whole affair than this new computation of time.

THE VICTIMS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victim of the Revolution:

GUILLOTINED BY SENTENCE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL:

Noblemen 1,278; noblewomen, 750; wives of laborers and artisans, 1,467; *religieuses*, 356; priests, 1,135; common persons not nobles, 13,623; total, 18,609. Women died of premature childbirth, 3,490; women died in childbirth from grief, 348; killed in La Vendée, 15,000; children killed in La Vendée, 22,000; men slain in La Vendée, 900,000;

victims under Carrier at Nantes, 32,000; of whom were—children shot, 500; children drowned, 1,500; women shot, 264; women drowned, 500; priests shot, 300; priests drowned, 460; nobles drowned, 1,400; artisans drowned, 5,300; victims at Lyons, 31,000—making a grand total of 1,022,357.

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons, on the 2nd of September, the victims of the Glaciere of Avignon, those shot at Toulon, Marseilles, or persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished.

The Ice is out of the Lake.

The ice is out of the lake! Rejoice!
The waters are flowing free;
The April winds are as gay and as warm,
As but April winds can be.
The Cotton-Wood where we moored our skiff
Last fall when the leaves were dry,
From swelling buds sends an odor sweet
Like a prayer to the sheltering sky:
O, the clouds bend down with a flush of red
In their mingled white and blue,
That the struggling flowers under the ground
May gather and wear the hue.

Yes! the ice is out of the lake! Rejoice!
Our skiff bath a sturdy sail:
Hark! hark! with a shout,—'tis a gruff strong shout—
It spreads its arms to the gale.
Now the waves leap up with a welcome gay,
And a wreath of foam for our prow,
And our souls are as fresh as the air we breathe,
No care upon heart or brow,—
No care, but the care to be good and true
And brave through the storms of life;
So onward we glide with a loud huzza:
We are growing strong for the strife.

Yes: the ice is out of the lake! Rejoice!
And the warm young sprite of Spring,
With her blossoms and birds, her leaves and flowers,
Now poises on roseate wing.
And no ice shall be in our hearts: ah, no!
Though the future be dark and dread;
The world shall remember us earnest and just
When it counts us among the dead.

HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.—Be proud of your calling and stick to it. It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this way men fret and laboriously destroy all their comforts, in their work; or they change their business, and go on miserably shifting from one thing to another till the grave or the poor-house gives them a fast grasp. But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties is, affected, like all other pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-trying necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his

mind every day to a consideration of them. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure on the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business and identify it with pleasant associations, for Heaven has given us imagination, not alone to make us poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidden avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop honest pride.

The Natural Bridge in Danger.

The *Southern Collegian* of the 7th inst. gives an account of a singular phenomenon which it states was then going on at the Natural Bridge. A gentleman while passing over the bridge was startled by the appearance of volumes of deep blue smoke and jets of flame rolling out from beneath the massive arch. He could plainly detect the smell of sulphur, and found, upon examination, that the ground was warm and steaming for some distance around. Great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood, as it was generally thought that a volcanic eruption was about to take place. A statement of the case was laid before Professor Campbell, of the Geological Department of Washington and Lee University, who accounts for the curious phenomenon in this wise:

"The bridge is composed of mountain limestone, with large fissure filled with grahamite, which, as is well known, is a kind of bituminous coal or asphaltum deposited in seams in formations of this peculiar kind. The grahamite was not, of course, set on fire by any one; such an act would necessarily be impossible, as offending against the laws of Omnipotent construction. At some distance from the high-water mark, but not near so high as the name of the great Virginian who is sometimes termed the "Father of his Country," I detected sulphurous deposits and traces of metallic oxides. The action of sulphur on the metallic oxides, even in small quantities and in the presence of water, will generate a heat to a degree abundantly sufficient to ignite a mass of as combustible a nature as the grahamite. The water, I take it, was supplied by the thawing of the snow and the unprecedented rise of Cedar Creek in the early part of last week. Such I am inclined to consider the cause of this great chemical action, and do not lean toward attributing it to the subtle action of electricity. I have a section of the geographical formation of the bridge, which was carefully prepared a number of years since, as above hinted, access to which may be had at any time by all wishing to examine into the causes themselves.

"Very respectfully, J. L. CAMPBELL."

The *Collegian* speaks of the occurrence as a great national calamity, as the Great Natural Bridge, one of the world's curiosities, would probably be totally destroyed.

RATHER PROBABLE.—A foreign paper, reporting a duel which had just taken place, stated that "the seconds, on arriving on the ground, placed the adversaries at an equal (!) distance from each other."

THE OFFICIOUS MAN.—The officious man stands around rubbing his hands anxious for a job.

He seems tew ake for sumthing tew do, and if he git snubbed in one place it don't seem tew diskourage him, but, like the fly, he lights on another.

The officious man iz az free from malice az a young pup, who, if he kant do anything else, iz reddy tew lay down in front of yu and be stept on.

Theze kind ov men spend their whole lives trieing tew make friends ov all, and never succeed with any.

There iz a kind ov officious man who iz only prompted by hiz vanity; hiz anxiety tew be useful tew others, don't arise from enny goodness ov heart, but simply from a desire of sticking his noze into things.

These kind ov individuals are supremely disgusting.

The officious man iz generally ov no use whatever to himself, and a nuisance tew everybody else.

I don't kno ov but phew more unfortunate disposishuns than the officious man's, for even in its very best phase it seldom suckceeds in getting paid for its labors with common politeness.—*Josh Billings*.

GREAT BRITAIN is probably at once the richest and the poorest country on the face of the earth. While possessed of immense wealth in the aggregate, property is so unevenly distributed that seven-eighths of the population are obliged to struggle for daily existence. The *Spectator*, commenting on late parliamentary returns, states that the proportion of the population in what it calls comfortable circumstances, occupying houses of a rental of more than \$600 a year, is only one and a half in every hundred. About 160,000 families pay from \$250 to \$500; 200,000 pay from \$150 to \$250; and 300,000 pay more than \$100 rent. Allowing five to each family, it follows that less than one-eighth of the population of Great Britain is able to pay a rental of over \$100 a year. If these figures are correct—and there appears to be no reason to doubt them—the greater part of the poorer classes must be in a deplorable situation. One is led to wonder, not that emigration is so large, but that it does not assume larger proportions.

PROBABLY many people have speculated upon the precise meaning of the word "carat." It is an imaginary weight that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus, an ounce of gold of twenty-two carats fine, is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts being silver, copper, or other metal. The weight of four grains, used by jewellers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond-weight; the carat consists of four nominal grains, a little lighter than four grains troy, or seventy-four and one-sixteenth grains being equal to seventy-two grains troy. The term of weighing carat derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called *kuara*. This bean, from the time of its being gathered, varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been, from a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India, also, the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

POSTAL cards have been received with great favor in France; 2,931,600 at two cents, and 4,481,100 at three cents; were sold in ten days, and the circulation of letters has not diminished.

The Scholastic.

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Books Received.

CONSTANCE AND MARION, or The Cousins. By M. A. B.
 Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., No. 174 W. Baltimore st.

A MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Designed for the
 use of Schools of an Advanced Grade. By N. K. Royse.
 Philadelphia: Cowperthwait & Co.

SEUR EUGENIE: The Life and Letters of a Sister of Charity.
 Baltimore: John Kelly & Co.

GOD OUR FATHER. By a Father of the Society of Jesus,
 Author of the "Happiness of Heaven."
 Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, and by
 the Catholic Publication Society, New York.

LIFE OF DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN, Prince and
 Priest. By Sarah M. Brownson. With an Introduction
 by O. A. Brownson, LL. D. New York: Fr. Pustet
 & Co., Barclay st., and 204 Vine street, Cincinnati.

Fly-Catches.

A LECTURE is now due.

MOONLIGHT nights are with us.

THE lake is not so high as it was.

HEDGE trimming is taking a rest.

GOOD umpires are scarce this year.

THE fields are "wearing the green."

THE boat-house is not yet completed.

EASTER BOXES were quite numerous.

FROSTY mornings are still quite frequent.

EASTER SUNDAY was a very pleasant day.

THE word *match* is very expressive generally.

THE St. Cecilians are expected to appear soon.

THE Band played in Church on Easter Sunday.

THE Senior clubs have their home-bases of stone,—good!

A LAZY nine is about to organize—will use codfish balls.

THE Amalgamated Society No. 2 is reported prosperous.

SOME make whistling a "fine art" and think it amusing to others.

TREES are being planted along the avenue leading to the Scholasticate.

MR. J. D. EVANS paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit last week, but we had not an opportunity of seeing him. We hope he will have more leisure next time. He has the best wishes of his old college companions.

A GREAT many strangers visited the University grounds and College halls on Easter Sunday. The Band played in front of the College.

EASTER MONDAY was an extra recreation day. The past week has witnessed several fine games of ball. The championship games were to commence on Wednesday last.

THE MINIMS are enjoying the open air extensively. They have a good nine, and since they moved their back-stop it will be hard for any of the big clubs to take their championship from them. Though champions, they do not forget lunch-time.

HON. W. E. LEFFINGWELL, of Lyons, Iowa—whose son F. P. Leffingwell, left Notre Dame but a few months since—has been appointed to defend Stokes in the impending trial for the murder of Fisk. To the credit of Hon. Mr. Leffingwell, it is said that he never lost a case.

THE NIMRODS are having their sport these times, for the ducks have been quite plenty of late. We also notice a rabbit occasionally on the strings of game. Chipmunk hunting has not yet commenced. We have seen but one fisherman since the ice left the lake, and he was too lucky to get even a bite.

LABORATORY.—Several lectures on scientific subjects have been given in the Laboratory since our last notice. These lectures are always full of interest to the student of science, and we will be more careful in future to give the readers of THE SCHOLASTIC a better account by giving a synopsis of these lectures.

EXTRA RECREATION DAYS are now as a rule enjoyed. The weather has improved so much of late that we begin to imagine that we have fine weather; yet the stormy days are far from being unfrequent. Base-ball, hand-ball, walks, boating, and the swings, all find their admirers. Most of the students take plenty of exercise now that the rigorous Winter is fairly gone.

THE FENCE which has been expected so long is at last finished; it runs from the west end of the Exhibition Hall to the Music Hall, thus taking a slice from the Juniors as well as the Seniors, but it gives a wider road, which will be appreciated. The fence in itself is an ornament. The fence which surrounded the garden is being moved to the new position which it is to occupy, and the garden is looking quite beautiful.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Jas. A. O'Reilly, A. M., LL. B., whom many of the older students remember, spent some days with us last week. We were glad to meet him looking so well, and his good-natured face served to call afresh to our mind the good old times when he was a student. In fact it is always cheering to meet one of the students of former days. Mr. O'Reilly has been admitted to the bar, at which we rejoice, and wish him all the success imaginable. We hope he may not forget to visit us frequently.

THE LOON.—THE HUNTERS OUTDONE.—Quite early in the forenoon of Monday last there appeared on the lake a loon, and in a few moments the hunters, in full attire, might have been seen hastening their steps towards the lake. A few moments later the boats were out and the firing commenced, nor did it cease until the hour for supper came. All day they chased him, and yet every time that they thought they had him they did not have him; and when the Nimrods, weak and weary, left him, after consuming the whole day in pursuit, after wasting all their ammuni-

tion, Mr. Loon swam the lake as sprightly as in the morning. It is reported that the hunters managed to kill one fish; some also say they wounded another, but there were doubts about it.

Arrivals.

Carl Whitcomb,	Muskegon, Michigan.
Frank Frazer,	Portsmouth, Ohio.
Lee Jennings Frazer,	Portsmouth, Ohio.
John Shannon,	Chicago, Illinois.

St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society.

This Society holds its meetings regularly every week. Masters Dexter, McIntyre, C. Reid, E. Holt, A. Schmidt, J. Dore, J. Jepson, and F. Weisenburger deserve honorable mention for declamation. This Society is doing very well, and the general conduct of the members is A No. 1.

T. S. McGEE, Sec.

The Columbians.

The 3rd regular meeting of this Club was held on the evening of April 8th. Mr. Baca was admitted to membership, and the following names proposed: Messrs. Flannigan, M. Allen and Greening. The Promoter, Prof. A. J. Stace, delivered an address on "Commercial Pursuits and Commercial Men" to the members. He was listened to with marked attention.

The following members then read Essays and delivered Declamations: Messrs. Comer, A. Allen, Gavitt, Mullen, McAlister, O'Brien, Valdez, Cassidy, Horne, Murphy, O'Sullivan, G. Crummey, Lilly and Schmidt. After the President's appointing the members for duty at the next regular meeting, the House adjourned.

M. B. TORBETT, Cor. Sec. pro tem.

Juanita Base-Ball Club.

MR. EDITOR:—Although you have heard nothing from us this year in regard to our Club, still we are flourishing, and intend to compete for championship. We are the last, but I hope not the least. The Club was reorganized on February 23rd, with the following members at its head:

Bro. Emmanuel,	Director.
J. B. Comer,	President.
J. D. Ireland,	Vice President.
J. B. Crummey,	Secretary.
J. E. Kelly,	Treasurer.
G. Tobin,	Censor.
G. L. Ruger,	Capt. 1st Nine.
J. L. Ireland,	Capt. 2nd Nine.
J. Burnham and J. Brennan,	Field Directors.
J. B. CRUMMEY, Sec'y.	

A sick libertine said, "Doctor, I suffer the pains of the damned." "You may think so, responded the physician; "but wait a bit, and you'll know better."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has written to Verdi, asking him to direct in person the forthcoming representation of "Aida," at Venice.

The St. Cecilians.

The 33rd and 34th regular meetings were held on March 30th and April 5th. Compositions were read and declamations delivered by the following members: F. McOsker, F. Egan, J. Stubbs, W. Meyers, A. Reid, E. A. Dougherty, B. Baca, F. Sweger, W. Breen, S. Marks, J. Marks, W. Green, W. Kinzie, O. Tong, J. McHugh, D. O'Connell, J. O'Connell, R. Lewis, and J. McGrath; after which J. Stubbs represented the Historical Branch by giving in a very pleasing manner, from memory, an abridgment of the "History of Ireland." Prof. A. J. Stace then read a portion of the play "If I were a King," after which the members adjourned.

W. BREEN, Cor. Sec'y.

"IF I WERE A KING."

A Drama in Four Acts.

Composed ~~Expressly~~ ^{Antimathesez} for the St. Cecilia Society, by a Member of the College Faculty, for the purpose of bringing out the Elocutionary Talent of the Junior Collegiate Department.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

GENARO, the Shepherd King.
 VALERIO, his Little Brother. +
 BANQUO, Overseer of the Shepherds. +
 PHILIPPO, SILVIO, BAPTISTO, CECATO, MARCO, Shepherds.
 RUISCO, Cousin of the King, and Conspirator.
 DON GONSALVO, Spanish Ambassador. +
 FERDINAND, King of Naples. +
 MELCHIORE, a Courtier. +
 ALBERTO, Son of the King.
 BOZZA, Major-Domo of the King's Palace.
 ALONZO, General of the King's Armies. +
 ORAZZO, MARINO, DORIO, Courtiers. X
 VERDI, BEPPO, LINO, Pages. X
 GUIDO, LUPO, Chamberlains. X
 HUGONI, CREZIO, MARZO, Soldiers.
 THE ROYAL USHER. X
 GIOVANNI, a Hermit.
 STEPHANO, PEDRO, URZO, LUSIO, SERANO, FULMENA, CAVUL, LO, DRAVALLO, Brigands.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Sunset on the Bay of Ischia.—Vesuvius in the background.

(PHILIPPO, CECATO, MARCO, BAPTISTO and SILVIO reclining on the grass.)

SILVIO. (Playing a soft strain on the guitar.)

Cloud, cloud! why so fair,
 Floating on the mellow air?
 Cloud, cloud! why dost fade,
 While the stars thy realms invade
 All things die! and the sky
 With her beauty makes me sigh.
 Lady, star of hope and light,
 Shine upon our path to-night.

PHILIPPO.—The hazy slumber of this twilight scene
 Creeps through me like an opiate. Cecato,
 If Silvio's lute would hold its charming strains,
 And could this sunset horizon but last,
 And I drink in the beauty, here reclining,
 I should desire no other heaven.
 CECATO. (Laughing). Ha! ha!
 That's like the lazy fellow that you are,

You animal! Im sure the quiet sheep
are really more consistent.

PHILIPPO. In what way?

CECATO. They rise to crop the grass. They lap the salt
With graceful pleasure from the shepherd's hand.
They give their wool un murmuring to the steel.
And fill our souls with love for innocence.

PHILIPPO. (*Starting forward with mock anger.*)
What then! am I a murderer or a thief
That I do not as well? (*Picks up a paper.*)

But what is this?

Where did this paper come from? Do you know?

MARCO. (*Taking the paper.*)

Why, no! But 'tis a funny-looking thing!
Philippo, those black marks for all the world
Look like cockroaches' legs. Cecato, say,
You can read writing, can't you? Read this thing.

CECATO. (*Taking the paper with a consequential air.*)
Read writing! why, of course; who says I can't?

(*All cluster around to see the paper.*)

Here, let me take it! Don't stand in my light,
You ignoramuses! Don't know penmarks
From broken cockroach-legs! For shame on you!

(*CECATO eyes the paper suspiciously.*)

On my word I don't like that man's writing!
(*Scratches his head.*) It looks like—like a clap of thunder.
As I live I'll bet the thing is poison.

PHILIPPO. Read quick! Read the thing!

CECATO. Don't be in such a hurry. Won't you wait
And let a body have a chance to breathe?
(*Clearing his throat, begins to read.*) "June twenty-onth"
(*Turning to look at the boys.*) That, boys, was yesterday.
That was the time the thing was written. Ha!
(*After a pause.*) Some one has got himself into a muss
By letting this thing drop.—Now let me read:
"The Prince is to be drowned within the bay
This very evening"—(*to the boys.*) That, boys, was
last night.

Now let us see what more: "Come without fail
To the white oak at eleven o'clock to-night.
The Spanish Minister will meet us there,
And one king Ferdinand will pass that way.
The snares are set; but should the game escape
To-morrow we'll dispose of him. Look sharp,
To the two brothers. Midnight is the hour.

"RUISCO."

Boys, that thing fairly *grouls*. (*Holds the paper off.*)

SILVIO. Indeed it does.

But pray, Cecato, who in the wide world
Could that Ruisco write this stuff to?

CECATO. Humph!

That part's left out. "The white oak in the forest."
Fine place for an Ambassador to meet
A man at midnight. Boys, true as you live
This scrap belongs to some most devilish plot.

PHILIPPO. (*Indignantly.*)

How did he know the Prince was to be drowned
Had he no hand in drowning him himself?

SILVIO. One fact I'd like to know is, who he means
By the two brothers.

PHILIPPO. Humph! there's one thing sure—
'Tis a rascally piece of business all round.
I'd like to catch the rogue who let this drop.
Ruisco! "Drown the Prince!"

CECATO. Black-hearted wretch!

Where'er you be you'll get no good of this. *are*
I'll keep it safe enough. (*Places the paper in his bosom
and apostrophizes on it.*) There now, you imp;
You're locked up in your prison. Tell no tales!

PHILIPPO. By-the-by, what's keeping our Genaro?

BAPTISTO. I wonder! He's been gone these two long
days.

Genaro! prompt as sunrise. It is strange!
He is so true to duty that I fear
Misfortunes have beset him.

CECATO. They soon will,—
That's one thing certain. Banquo raves like mad
About his absence. Poor Genaro! Zounds!
I'd like to choke old Banquo!

MARCO. So would I;
He treats those boys so beastlike. As for us,
Tis not so very bad,—though, goodness knows,
Tis not so very easy.

PHILIPPO. Every time
The fellow stirs he growls like a mad dog.
(*Shaking his hand angrily.*) He's given me six floggings in
a week.

BAPTISTO. And thrice has sent me supperless to bed
Because I broke the shears.

MARCO. Oh! that was kind
Beside his common treatment. It is strange
He did not make you stand upon your head
For half a day, or hang you by your thumbs
For forty hours; but, boys, what we have borne
Is nothing to the way he treats Genaro
And his poor little brother. But last week
Valerio found a bird, a harmless thing,
When who should come but Banquo. We all ran,
Each to his place, like chickens from a hawk.
He pounced, though, on Genaro,—“What! you clown!
Are you placed here to fool your time away?”
Thus stormed away old Banquo. “We will see.”
He snatched Valerio's bird—and though, poor boy,
He screamed and tried to shield her, the old wretch
Crushed her to death, then turned and furiously
Rushed on Genaro, grasped him by the hair
And kicked and bruised him till we thought him dead.
Valerio cried, and when at last the brute
Bound up Genaro's hands, Valerio struck.
This made the tiger rave. Round he whirled
Upon the little fellow, and the blows came down
Like a tornado. Since that day
He's kept Valerio on bread and water.

PHILIPPO. I think he means the boy should starve to
death.

BAPTISTO. And so do I. But I don't understand
Why he so hates these boys. The finest boys
That ever lived! *think*

CECATO. Because that they are fine
He hates them, for the love they win from us.

BAPTISTO. There is some other reason. There is a spite
Behind the curtain that we don't know.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] *do not*

THE editor of the Moorhead (D. C.) Star says: "We
offer especial inducements to our subscribers who club
together and send in any little matter of eatables, as it
were."

Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1873.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Allen, F. Buter, W. Briant, C. Berdel, J. Burnham, M. Bastarache, V. Baca, W. Bartlett, J. Browne, Valerio Baca, J. Begue, M. Bannon, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, A. Costello, J. Comer, W. Campbell, J. Crummev, G. Crummev, W. Clarke, B. Dorsey, F. Devoto, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, J. Drake, T. Dundon, C. Dulancy, P. Downey, J. Egan, M. Foley, T. Flannagan, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foote, J. Flynn, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, E. Graves, J. Hogan, T. Hansard, E. Halpin, J. Harrington, F. Hamilton, A. Horne, G. Hall, H. Hug, P. Jacobs, T. Keenan, J. Kelly, P. Lilly, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. Murphy, E. Monohan, T. Murphy, J. McAlister, A. Mooney, J. McCormick, E. McSweeney, E. Mullen, E. McLaughlin, D. E. Maloney, T. Noel, P. O'Meara, P. O'Connell, J. O'Brien, P. O'Mahony, F. Phelan, C. Proctor, J. Schmidt, G. Stack, R. Staley, F. Scrafford, J. Scherer, P. Sullivan, M. Torbett, J. Trimble, S. Valdez, L. Watson, T. White, C. Walter, H. Walker, J. Wolfe, H. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Austin, G. Amann, B. Baca, W. Ball, W. Breen, L. Busch, F. Bauer, C. Black, P. Brosseau, M. Blake, C. Clarke, J. Campbell, J. Caren, A. Crunkilton, E. Dougherty, J. Devine, J. Dore, W. Dexter, F. Dowe, F. Egan, H. Enneking, J. Ewing, F. Ewing, W. Fletcher, C. Furer, C. Fish, G. Gross, W. Green, J. Graham, E. Holt, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, L. Hibben, A. Kleine, R. Kelly, A. Kreiter, A. Kramer, W. Meyer, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, E. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. Marks, S. Marks, W. Morgan, E. Milburn, F. Miller, V. McKinnon, J. McHugh, N. Mooney, L. Munn, D. McAndrews, J. Murphy, D. O'Connell, J. O'Connell, E. Ohmer, W. Pollard, A. Reid, C. Reid, C. Ruger, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, F. Sweger, W. Scultheis, J. Shanahan, O. Tong, N. Vannamee, J. Wanbaugh, F. Wittelsberger, J. Golsen.

J. F. EDWARDS, Secretary.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

J. Cooney, H. Dechan, H. and C. Faxon, C. Carlin, T. Hooley, R. Haley, J. O'Meara, A. Wetherbee, A. Koch, E. Raymond, C. Walsh, E. O'Connor.

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in all studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1873.

COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS.—E. B. Gambee, D. J. Hogan, P. J. O'Connell, T. J. Dundon, M. S. Foote, J. D. McCormick.

JUNIOR CLASS.—T. P. White.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—W. J. Clarke, D. E. Maloney, R. Staley, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, E. J. McLaughlin.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—E. G. Graves, C. Walter, T. J. Murphy, J. E. Hogan, H. W. Walker, C. Berdel, E. S. Monahan, T. Noel, M. Bastarache, P. O'Meara, C. H. Proctor, F. Devoto, T. Hansard, J. E. Kelly, J. J. Gillen, B. L. Dorsey, J. Caren.

The Spanish Republicans are guilty of a glaring blunder. The President, Señor Figueras, ought to have been appointed Minister of Finance.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, April 15, 1873.

ARRIVALS.

Fannie Dee,
Julia Dee,
Annie Garvis,

Chicago, Illinois.
Chicago, Illinois.
Chicago, Illinois.

TABLET OF HONOR, (SR. DEPT.) April 15, 1873.

Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, M. Lassen, A. Mast, K. Haymond, B. Crowley, L. King, M. Lange, A. Todd, L. Niel, M. and J. Kearney, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, M. Comer, L. Black, N. Langdon, E. Haggerty, J. Walker, A. Lloyd, M. Prince, I. Wilder, B. Reynolds, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, L. Dent, B. Grace, L. Daly, K. Finley, M. Letourneau, A. Church, J. Locke, E. Boyce, S. Shipley, J. Fanning, A. Keeline, A. T. Clarke, M. Riley, J. Noonan, A. St. Clair, A. Hambleton, H. Foote, L. Beckman, A. O'Connor, N. Heedy, J. Walsh, A. Reid, M. A. Roberts, E. and B. Wade, L. Pfeiffer, C. Germain, E. Burney, M. Quill, K. Casey, E. Ives, B. Gaffney, R. Rosesco, M. E. and A. Roberts, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, A. Conahan, L. Penniman, S. Chenoweth, B. Johnson, M. White, S. Smith, A. Stockton, M. Dillon, N. McAuliffe, D. Simons, L. Forrester, K. Wickham, R. Klar, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, L. Scheiber, F. Snouffer, T. Heckman, L. Lilly, N. McMahon, M. Lyons, H. Miller, M. Kane, B. Turnbull, C. Lee, L. Ritchie.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Graduating Class.—Misses K. Zell, M. Cochrane, M. Lassen, A. Mast, K. Haymond, B. Crowley, L. King, A. Todd, First Senior Class.—L. Neil, M. Kearney, N. Gross, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, M. Comer, L. Black, M. Langdon, E. Haggerty, J. Walker.
Second Senior Class.—A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, J. Kearney, M. Wicker, B. Reynolds, L. Ritchie, L. Dent, B. Grace, L. Daly, K. Finley, M. Letourneau, A. Church, J. Locke, E. Boyce, S. Shipley.
Third Senior Class.—J. Fanning, A. Keeline, J. Noonan, A. St. Clair, H. McMahon, L. Beckman, N. Heedy, A. Reid.
First Preparatory Class.—E. and B. Wade, L. Pfeiffer, C. Germain, E. Burney, M. Quill, K. Casey, L. Ritchie, E. Ives, B. Gaffney, R. Rosesco, M. E. Roberts, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, A. Conahan, L. Penniman.
Second Preparatory Class.—S. Chenoweth, B. Johnson, M. White, A. Stockton, J. Connors, N. McAuliffe, K. Wickham, R. Klar, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, L. Scheiber, F. Snouffer, T. Heckman, L. Lilly.
Third Preparatory Class.—N. McMahon, H. Miller, M. Kane, B. Turnbull, C. Lee.

TABLET OF HONOR, (JR. DEPT.) April 15, 1873.

E. Richardson, A. and C. Smith, K. Joyce, L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, A. and L. Walsh, G. Kelly, M. Hepp, M. Martin, S. Lynch, N. Vigil, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds, M. Ewing, E. Orton, M. Hildreth, M. Walsh, J. and M. Thompson; A. Noel, E. Lang, K. Lloyd, E. Lappin, M. Booth, R. Hooley, C. Walker, A. Koch, A. Paulsen, E. Jackson, K. Hector, A. Ewing, D. Allen, M. Lowry, M. Ware, M. Kaeseburg, K. Bolton, A. M. and A. Green, C. Smith.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Second Senior Class.—E. Richardson and A. Smith.
Third Senior Class.—K. Joyce.
First Preparatory Class.—L. Tinsley, M. Faxon and A. Walsh.
Second Preparatory Class.—L. McKinnon, B. Quan, T. Shulte, M. Hepp, M. Martin, A. Lynch, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds and M. Ewing.
Third Preparatory Class.—E. Orton and S. Lilly.
First Junior Class.—N. O'Meara, M. Hildreth, M. Walsh, J. and M. Thompson, T. Cronin, A. Noel, A. Burney, E. Lang, K. Lloyd, E. Lappin, M. DeLong, M. Booth, R. Hooley, C. Walker, A. Koch and C. Smith.
Second Junior Class.—A. Paulsen, E. Jackson, K. Hector, A. Ewing, G. Hooley, D. Allen, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh, S. Lynch, M. Ware, M. Kaeseburg and K. Bolton.
Third Junior Class.—A. M. and A. Green.

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"	4.59 p.m.	"	5.30 p.m.
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Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
"	11.45 a.m.	"	12.25 p.m.
"	6.30 p.m.	"	7.10 p.m.
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"	8.20 p. m.	Runs to Elkhart.	
"	4.35 p. m.		

GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	4 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8.20 p. m.
"	2 55 a. m.	"	6.50 a. m.
"	5.00 a. m.	"	8.20 a. m.
"	6 05 p. m.	"	9.40 p. m.
"	6.37 a. m.	"	10.30 a. m.
"	8.20 a. m.	"	12.30 p. m.

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